12611

THE

UNFORTUNATE,

AND AT LAST

Happy Lady,

OR,

THE REWARD,

OF

VIRTUE & INNOCENCE.

BEING THE HISTORY OF

CLARISSA MOORE,

The Daughter of a Baronet.

Giving a true Account how she was trepanned in London;—being left in an house of ill-fame by her own Brother, in order to cheat her out of her Portion, which was 6000l and her miraculous Preservation, and the honourable Behaviour of

Mr. Kenny, an Irish Gentleman.

A TRUE STORY.

London.

PRINTED BY E. THOMAS, GOLDEN-LANE, BARBICAN.

For M. Bassan, Pleasant-Row, Bethnal-Green-road.

And Sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

88 6

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE UNFORTUNATE,

AND, AT LAST,

HAPPY LADY.

I CANNOT omit giving the world an account of the uncommon villainy of a gentleman of good family in England, as practised upon his sister; which was attested to me by one who lived in the family, and from whom I had the whole truth of the story. I shall conceal the unhappy gentleman's own, under the borrowed name of Sir William Moore, who succeeded his father Sir Edward in an estate of near 4000*l.* per annum, inheriting all belonged to him, except his virtues It is true, he was obliged to pay his only sister a portion of 6000*l.* which he might easily have done, out of his patrimony in a little time, the estate being not in the least incumbered; but the death of his father gave a loose to the extravagance of his

disposition, which until then was hardly discernable.

The first discovery he made of his humour, was in the extraordinary rich equipage he prepared for his journey to London, which was much greater than his large and plentiful fortune could maintain; nor were his expenses any way inferior to the figure he made here in town; insomuch, that, in less than a twelvemonth, he was obliged to return to his seat in the country, in order to mortgage a part of his estate of a thousand pounds a-year, to satisfy the debts he had already contracted, which, in a few weeks, he effected, to the great grief of his sister Clarissa, who foreseeing the utter ruin of the estate, if not timely prevented, daily begged of him, with prayers and tears, to pay the portion belonging to her. To which he seemingly consented, and promised to take her to town with him. He was as good as his word, and brought her to town with him, where he told her, he would place her with an ancient lady, with whom he had contracted a friendship at his first coming to London;—adding, that she was a lady of incumparable morals, and of a matchless life and conversation.

Clarissa took him in the best sense, and was

very desirous to be placed in the same house with her;—therefore, about four days after their arrival in town, she solicited her brother to wait on the lady with her. He replied,—"It is absolutely necessary that I should first acquaint her with my design, and beg that she will be pleased to take you into her protection, and this shall be my chief business to day."

Accordingly he waited upon his honourable acquaintance, whom he prepared for the reception of his sister.—He told her she was a cast-off mistress of his, and desired her assistance to prevent the trouble and charge which such persons bring upon young gentlemen of fortune—"To-morrow morning," continued he, "I will leave her with your ladyship, who, I doubt not, will give her an excellent lesson or two before night, and your reward is certain gain.

"My son, (returned she) I know the greatness of your spirit—I am glad to see you in town again—Ah! that I could but recal one twenty years for your sake!—Well—but no matter—I won't forget your instructions, nor my duty to-morrow;—in the mean time, I'll drink your health in a bottle of sherry.

"I beg your pardon, my good Lady Beldam, (said the young debauchee) I had like

to have forfeited all title to your care, in not remembering to leave you an obligation.—There are three guineas, which I hope will plead for me till to-morrow.

Never were three persons better pleased for a time than this unnatural man, innocent sister, and the old Beldam. Upon his return to his sister, who could not rest that night, for thinking on the happiness she was going to enjoy in the conversation of so virtuous a lady as her brother's acquaintance, to whom she was in hopes that she might discover her thoughts, and complain of Sir William's extravagance, without running the hazard of being betrayed. On the other side, her brother hugged himself in the prospect he had of getting rid of his sister, and the payment of 6000l for the sum of forty or fifty guineas, by the help and discretion of this sage matron, who for her part by this time had reckoned up, and promised to herself an advantage of at least 300l.

Next morning Sir William took coach with his sister, for the old lady's castle, taking one trunk of her's with them, promising to send her other things next day. The young lady was very joyfully received by her brother's venerable acquaintance. A bottle of the best wine

was brought in, and not long after, a very splendid entertainment for breakfast.

After they had eaten and drank, the old lady led them out of the parlour to shew them the house, every room of which they found answerably furnished to that from whence they came; at length they came to a pleasant chamber, richly hung, and curiously adorned, wherein was a bed, which might have been worthy the reception of a duchess—"This, Madam," said she, "is your apartment, with the anti-chamber, and the little drawing room." Alas! Madam, (replied the dear unthinking lady,) you set too great a value on me; but I rather think your ladyship designs me this honour for the sake of Sir William 'Something for Sir William, (returned this insinuating woman,) but much more for your ladyship' I shall study to deserve your favors and friendship, Madam,' replied the unsuspicious Clarissa:—'I hope you will, Madam,' said her cruel brother, 'but my business calls me hence;—to-morrow at dinner, I will return to you, and order the rest of your cloaths to be brought with me.—In the mean time,' continued the traitor, kissing his sister, as he thought and hoped for the last time, 'be as cheerful as you can.' 'A thousand thanks, my dearest brother,' returned poor Cla-

rissa, with tears in her eyes. 'Madam,' said he to his old confederate, giving her an handsome purse, in which was fifty guineas, 'be pleased to accept this trifle, as a small acknowledgment of the great favour you do this lady.—So once more adieu, my dear!—and, Madam, I am your humble servant;' and went out bowing.

No sooner was the treacherous brother gone, than the deceptious old woman, taking Clarissa by the hand, began to talk to this effect —If I mistake not, Madam, you were pleased to call Sir William, *brother*; pray satisfy my curiosty so far as to inform me in the truth of this matter—is it so or not? Clarissa replied blushing, "Your question, Madam, surprises me, for I thought you were convinced of that—Did not he tell you so himself?" "I humbly beg your pardon, my dear" said the wicked woman, I have, I see, visibly disturbed you by my curiosity;—but indeed, Madam, Sir William did not say your ladyship was his sister, when he gave charge of you."

"Our father and mother are dead" said the fair innocent, who only had us two;—who can be nearer to me than Sir William?—none, certainly." "You will excuse me, continued the old Beldam, "a wife or mistress may." "A

wife certainly has the pre-eminence, (replied Clarissa);—and perhaps a mistress too, if honorably loved, and sought for in marriage.—But," she continued, "I can assure your ladyship that he has not a wife, nor did I ever hear he had a mistress yet."

"Love, in youth," replied the old woman, "is very fearful of discovery. I have known, Madam, a great many young gentlemen and ladies, who have concealed their violent passions under the mask of brother and sister."—"And you, Madam, imagine Sir William and I do the same?"—"It were no imprudence if you did," replied Lady Beldam, with all the subtilty of the serpent.—"Alas! Madam, (continued she,) there is nothing like secrecy in love!—it is the very life and soul of it! I have been young myself, and know it by experience."

"But all this, Madam, (interrupted Clarissa, somewhat nettled at this discourse,) all this cannot convince me, that I am not the true and only sister of Sir William Moore, however he might impose upon your ladyship, for what end I know not;—unless he designs to gain your ladyship's assistance in defrauding me of the portion left me by my father.—But, (continued Clarissa) I have too great an assurace of your honor, to fear that you would consent to

so wicked a scheme." "You may be confident Madam," replied the designing old woman, "I never will.—And, supposing he were capable of committing so base an act himself, yet, if your ladyship will be guided and directed by me, I I will shew you the way to live happy and great, without your portion, or your brother's help.

"But pray, Madam, (continued she,) what is your portion?—and what makes you doubt your brother's kindness?" Clarissa then gave her an account of her brother's extravagancies, as far as she knew them, to which the other was no stranger; but bid her be of good comfort, and lay all her care upon her, and then she could not miss of continual happiness.

The sweet lady took all her promises for sterling, and kissing her impious hand, returned her many thanks. Not long after, they went to dinner; and in the afternoon, three or four young ladies came to visit the Lady Beldam, who told her new guest, that these amiable young ladies were her relations, being her own sister's children;—adding, that she had sent for them to endeavor to disperse the gloom which hung upon her mind, by their enchanting conversation.

Clarissa imagined she had got into the com-

pany of angels; for their pleasing discourse perfectly captivated her senses; but, alas! they were angels who had fallen more than once.—At length one of these deceptious beings exclaimed, "Would my dear Sir Thomas were here!" "O sister!" cried another, "you will not be long withour your wish;—for Sir Thomas and Sir Francis took coach at St. James's, about two hours since, and both promised to be here after the play." "I hope they will bring the fiddlers with them," replied a third;—"we shall have excellent company when they come. "Are you fond of music, Madam?" asked the old Lady Beldam, addressing herself to Clarissa, "Sometimes, Madam," replied Clarissa; "but at present I am out of tune myself."

"A little harmless mirth will do you good, and help to raise your spirits.—Come, these are all my relations, and so consequently are their husbands." "Are these ladies all married, Madam?" enquired Clarissa;—"Yes, my dear, (replied the insinuating mother of iniquity) and you shall have a husband in a little time.

Clarissa replied, that, young as she was, she had not even thought of marriage; nor could she yet love well enough to prefer one man before another.

"How long have you lived, then, Madam? enquired the Lady Beldam.—"Too long by sixteen years, had Heaven seen good," replied Clarissa.

This conversation lasted, until word was brought that Sir Thomas and Sir Francis, with two other gentlemen were alighted at the gate, which so discomposed my heroine, that she begged leave to retire; and as these were none of the sparks to whom Clarissa was to be sacrificed, after some persuasion to the contrary, the venerable Beldam consented.

In her retirement, Clarissa had the satisfaction of venting her grief in tears, and addressing herself to heaven, on which alone she trusted, notwithstanding all the fair promises of her reverend hostess.

She had not been retired above an hour, when an attendant waited on her, to know if she wanted any thing, and if she would not give her lady the honor of her company below? To which Clarissa replied, that she wanted nothing but rest, which she would presently seek in bed.

This answer brought up the officious old lady herself, who by all means would see her undressed, and safe in bed. She had been asleep about two hours, when she was awoke by a

loud concert of mosic, which continued until midnight.

This occasioned doubtful thoughts in her, though she was so unskilled in these mysteries, that she could not guess their meaning.—She apprehended that possibly her brother might have a mistress, (which the Lady Beldam's discourse had seemed to intimate,) and that this was their place of assignation; suspecting too, that Sir Francis or Sir Thomas, of whom she had heard not long before, was Sir William her brother.

The music, and all the noise in the house, ceased about two o'clock in the morning, when she again fell into a quiet and refreshing sleep, in which she continued until near nine; when the same attendant entered the room, with her lady's compliments, and requested to know how she had rested?—Clarissa replied, that she had rested very well most part of the morning, and that she wanted nothing, unless it were the sight of her brother, and to know how her lady had slept. The servant returned with this answer to her lady, while Clarissa rose, and began to dress.—She had scarcely put any thing on but her night-gown, before the Lady Beldam entered in a dishabille, to assure Clarissa of her brother's company to dinner; and

finding her performing the office of waiting-woman herself, she called up the same servant, and asked her the reason why she presumed to leave the lady when she was rising?—the girl replied, that indeed the lady did not let her know that she had any thoughts of rising: "Well, then," said her seemingly offended lady, "stir not from her now, I charge you, until she shall think fit to dismiss you.—Dear Madam, good morning to you," said she to Clarissa, "I'll go and dress for breakfast."

When Clarissa was dressed, she dismissed her attendant, and betook herself to the pious office of returning thanks to that Being who had preserved her from danger the preceding night.—Scarcely had she finished, when a servant was dispatched to her chamber to inform her that her lady waited her company at breakfast, which might then be seasonable enough for Clarissa, who could not help discovering the apprehensions she had of her brother's unkindness; and expressing her fears that he would disappoint them of his company that day at dinner; which the other opposed with all the arguments her art could suggest.

They continued in deep conversation, chiefly upon the subject of her brother's extravagance, which the insinuating old woman pretended to

deplore as much as Clarissa possibly could do, although (as she observed) not so deeply interested, until the clock had struck twelve, when a servant came to acquaint the Lady Beldam, that Sir William Moore would certainly wait on them precisely at one, and desired that he might dine in the young lady's apartment, to avoid being seen by any visitants that might come; and besides, that he had invited a gentleman, his particular friend, to dinner with him.

This message being delivered aloud, by the servant, gave no small satisfaction to the desponding young lady, who discoursed upon indifferent subjects, until the hour arrived on which Sir William had promised to wait on them—but alas! no Sir William appeared—Clarissa's apprehensions knew no bounds; and she was quite absorbed in grief, when a servant entered, and informed the old lady, there was a gentleman below, who had enquired for Sir William Moore. The Lady Beldam immediately went down to receive her visitor, whom she, in a few minutes after, conducted up to Clarissa.

"Madam," said the complete mistress of her art, as she entered the room,—"this is the gentleman whom Sir William has invited

to dinner with us; and I am very happy to see him.—Permit me, then, my dear Clarissa, to present Mr. Kenny to you, as a young gentleman in every respect deserving your affection and esteem."

Here Mr. Kenny saluted Clarissa, and acquitted himself like a gentleman of good sense and education, which she returned with all the modesty imaginable. After some little conversation, she enquired, how long he thought it would be before Sir William arrived? To which he replied, that Sir William told him, unless he was there exactly at two o'clock, he should not be able to come to dinner;—that he had not parted with him much above an hour, when he left him engaged with particular company, transacting some very important business.

The young lady appeared very much disconcerted at this; but the gentleman appeared so very engaging, that he entirely banished uneasiness from Clarissa's mind. He was the son of a gentleman of large fortune in the north of Ireland, and was by profession a Turkey merchant;—he had travelled much, although he was not twenty-five, and had been at most of the courts in Europe; and was of a sweet disposition, of the most inviolable integrity, and possessed a heart and hand ever ready to relieve the distressed.

Sir William did not come at the time stated, so the dinner was served up in the room next to Clarissa's bed-chamber. The dinner consisted of the choicest viands, and they were as happy as could be expected without Sir William, to whose health the glass went round more than once. After the cloth was removed, the Lady Beldam entreated Mr. Kenny to entertain the young lady with an account of his travels, to which he consented with the utmost good-humour imaginable.

When the old lady perceived he had finished, she left the room, pretending she had forgot to give some very particular orders to one of her servants, and that she would return in a very little time.

The gentleman was very well pleased with her retiring, since he had a discourse to make to Clarissa, on a different subject to the preceding, which required privacy —But how agreeable her absence was to Clarissa, we may judge by the sequel.

" Madam, (said Mr. Kenny) how do you like the town?—Have you seen any man whom you could love?" " Alas! sir, (replied Clarissa,) I have not seen the town, except in a coach as I passed along;—nor was ever in any house beside this, and another, in which my

brother lodged. And to your other question I must answer that I love all men."

"That's generous, indeed, Madam, cried he, there is then some hopes that I am of the number. No doubt, she returned, that I love you as well as any man, except Sir William.'—'Is he the happy man then, Madam?' said Mr. Kenny. 'If to be loved best by me can make any man happy, doubtless it must be him, for he is my own brother.' 'I fancy, Madam, (replied he) that you make me as dear a relation to you as Sir William.' 'How is that possible, sir?' she asked.—'Thus, madam,' replied he, drawing closer to her, 'by our near approaches to each other.' 'O heaven defend me, (cried she,) what do you mean? Take away your hand, you uncivil man!—Help, Madam!—my Lady!' Oh! (exclaimed Mr. Kenny) she's gone purposely out of hearing.' 'Am I betrayed then?' she cried:—'Betrayed! as if your innocent ladyship did not know where you are!—Ah!' continued he, 'this will never do;—here is an hundred guineas—let us be better acquainted—you know my meaning!' 'Monster! (exclaimed she) I hate the sight of you!'—With that she flung from him, and ran into the next room. After some more conversation, he at length said, 'A parley, Madam,

witth you :—let me ask you one question, and will you answer me directly and truly?—Indeed I will, replied she, if it be civil. Do you not know where you are;—and that the woman to whom this house belongs, is a rank procuress, to whom I am to give two hundred guineas for your person.'

"O heaven!' exclaimed she, 'thou guardian of innocence! protect me from the design of this infamous woman.' Then looking stedfastly on Mr. Kenny, she continued—'I can sir, but with difficulty guess what you mean; but I find, that, unless you prove, what you at first seemed to be—a gentleman, I am in danger of eternal ruin.—You are the only person that can now preserve me;—therefore, I beseech you, sir, to hear my story—O hear me, for heaven's sake, deliver me!'—'I will deliver you, said he, and take you to a place of security, this very day.'

Clarissa here, at the request of Mr. Kenny, related the principal events of her life, since the death of her father;—and now, cried she, sobbing, dare I trust this brother again?—Can I be safe with him?' 'Oh no, by no means, replied Mr Kenny, trust to my protection, for I mean to deliver you out of this cursed place, if you dare to put any confidence in a stranger,

after your brother has acted the part of so great a villain;—if you dare trust a stranger too, Madam, who had himself a design upon your person. Can you submit, Madam, to attend on a young lady of my acquaintance, until I can provide better for you?—Oh, I can be any thing you shall see fit, only deliver me out of this wicked place! Well, madam, compose yourself, replied he, and seem a little pleasant before the old factoress of hell.

On his entering the parlor, he was met by the old lady, who appeared extremely delighted at his pretended success. Mr. Kenny then desired her to accompany him up-stairs, to see the change which he had wrought, in the space of so short a time. On their reaching the apartment in which he had left Clarissa, Mr. Kenny acquainted the old woman, that Clarissa had consented to accompany him to the play, which he hoped would be the means of banishing that dejection from her spirits.—What is played to-night, Sir? enquired the Lady Beldam;—The Cheats, Madam, replied Mr. Kenny, a very good comedy, if well performed. But I fear we shall be late, (continued he);—we had better set off immediately.

A coach was immediately called, which carried them to Counsellor Jackson's house in

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, whom they found accidentally at home. Mr. Kenny apologized to the old gentleman, for the liberty he had taken, in introducing a strange lady into his family, with an intent of placing her there;—'but, sir, continued he, if you knew her story, you would be as ambitious of entertaining her, as I am earnest to entreat it of you.

Mr. Kenny requested Clarissa to relate her story to Mr. Jackson, which she did with a modesty which at once surprised and delighted him; and when she had finished, he assured her that he would do every thing in his power, towards recovering her portion out of her brother's hands, and requested her in the mean time to consider his house as her home.—Clarissa would have knelt to thank him; but he told her, that humble posture was due to none but God, and desired her immediately to rise. In a little time Mrs. Jackson and her daughter came home, to whom Clarissa was introduced, and the good old gentleman informed them of her misfortunes, upon which they joined Mr Jackson in the request that she should remain with them, until her brother could be found.

About three days afterwards, Mr. Kenny took a constable, and some other assistants,

and drove to the Lady Beldam's, to demand Clarissa's trunk, which at first she refused to return; bnt upon the constable's producing the emblem of his authority, the trunk was delivered. Mr. Kenny then threatened to search the house for Sir William, but the old woman protested that she had neither seen nor heard any thing of him since the day he left Clarissa with her.

With this account, Mr Kenny returned to Counsellor Jackson's, who employed several persons to endeavor to trace Sir William, and in less than a month, Mr. Kenny had the good fortune to discover him at his lodgings in Soho Square, when he told Sir William to take some speedy method for the payment of his sister's portion, otherwise she had friends who would compel him. Sir William enquired where she was?—To which Mr. Kenny in reply, asked where he had left her?—Sir William said,—that he had placed her with an old gentlewoman of his acquaintance, and that he thought she had been there still. No, sir, returned Mr. Kenny. I have delivered her from destruction. Was it well done, Sir William to leave your sister to the care of that wicked old woman?—I found her at old Beldam's, who would have prostituted her to me.—Blush, sir, if you can,

and repent of this; otherwise you shall hear farther from me!

This discourse was a great mortification to the knight, whose conscience, hardened as it was, felt some pain. He found he could not continue safe there, therefore he immediately retreated into a place called the Savoy, where his whole equipage was removed in the course of a few days

Upon Mr Kenny's leaving Sir William, he returned to Mr Jackson's, to whom he related the conversation as it had taken place Clarissa was much alarmed, when she heard the old gentleman threaten to lay him fast enough; but, alas! he was too cunning for them; for in six months after, during which time they made every enquiry, they could not see him, nor any one that could give an account of him, as he had changed his name for that of Meadows.

Mr Kenny, being at this time under the necessity of taking a voyage to the West-Indies, seized an opportunity, a few days before his departure, of making a formal declaration of his passion to Clarissa, and urged her to appoint a day previous to his departure, on which they might be united. Clarissa replied, that she could not think of marrying, until she had

obtained her portion, which she hoped she should receive before his return, when she would immediately comply with his request.

On the morning of his departure, he took an affectionate farewell of Clarissa, and the kind family of the Jackson's, to whom he again recommended Clarissa, and having transacted some private business with a merchant, he immediately set sail.

Six months elapsed, during which time they received letters from Mr. Kenny by every conveyance; but for the space of nine months afterwards, they could hear no tidings of him or the ship, which had never reached her destined port; when one day, by mere accident, Mr. Jackson met a gentleman, who had just arrived from the place to which the ship was bound, and who informed him, that the ship had sunk, and it was feared that every soul on board had perished.

With this dreadful news the old gentleman returned to acquaint his wife and daughter, and the unhappy Clarissa, who the next day heard from good authority, that Sir William Moore, who lately went by the name of Meadows, had mortgaged all his estates, and had sailed for America.

This news, added to the former, put so great a damp upon her spirits, that she dropped in a swoon; and when she recovered, she fell into a violent fever, from which she did not recover for near six weeks, during which time Mrs. Jackson and her daughter attended her, as carefully as if they had been her own mother and sister, the good old Counseller still continuing his friendship and regard.

Two years expired, without any news of Mr. Kenny, who, though he had escaped with life, yet was made a prisoner by the natives of an island on the coast of Barbary, near which the ship was wrecked, in which miserable condition he languished three years, for want of a ransom, which he often endeavored to raise by letters, which he sent to his friends in England, not a line of which ever reached them, so that, had not heaven had a blessing in store for him, he had certainly better have perished in the sea.

About this time Mrs. Jackson fell sick, and died.—During her illness, she was attended by Clarissa, who could not be prevailed on to quit the apartment. On the day before her death, she called her husband to her, and told him, that she had observed with great pleasure the regard which he had for Clarissa, since she was

assured, if he married her, she would prove an excellent nurse, and prolong his life some years.

The good old gentleman answered, that he would fulfil her will as far as lay in his power, but he feared he should not be able to obtain Clarissa's consent.

Half a year was now expired since Mrs. Jackson's death, when the old counsellor began to plead his own cause with Clarissa, reminding her, that the death of Mr Kenny had left her at liberty to make choice of a husband;—and at the same time informed her, that his widow, whoever might have the good fortune so to be, would be worth 30,000l. in ready money, besides 1000l a-year; but above all, he urged his dying lady's request, that he would marry her.

Clarissa, concluding that Mr. Kenny had perished when the ship was cast-away, did not hesitate in accepting Mr Jackson's offer, and in a short time after they were married. They kept their wedding very nobly at their house in Lincolns-Inn-Fields; but the remembrance of her mother's death was still so fresh in the mind of Miss Harriet Jackson, that she prevailed upon her father to remove to another house in Berkeley-Square.

They had not dwelt there more than four months, when Mr. Jackson died, after an illness of three weeks, during which time he was attended by his daughter and Clarissa, who, since the time of her entrance into the marriage state had behaved with the utmost tenderness towards him.

After the funeral, which was magnificient in the extreme, Clarissa, accompanied by her daughter-in-law, retired to her country seat, where she continued the whole of that summer, and part of the ensuing winter, a sacrifice which she considered the memory of her husband demanded,

At length a whole year of Clarissa's widowhood was expired, during which she was addressed by many real or pretended lovers; but she never loved any man sufficiently to make him her husband by inclination, unless it was Mr Kenny, who was supposed to have been devoured by the greedy inhabitants of the sea.

Whilst, by a most extraordinary turn of fortune, Clarissa was placed in a state of affluence, her brother had, by his extravagance, reduced himself to a goal; for, in less than two years, he dissipated the whole of 8000l. in America, whence he returned again to Engiand,

but pursuing his former course of living, he contracted debts to the amount of 300l. in consequence of which he was arrested, and thrown into the King's Bench.

There at first, for about a month, he was entertained like a gentleman, but, finding no money coming, the keeper turned him to the common side, where he learned the art of pegmaking, a mystery to which he was a stranger, but it now contributed to his daily support.—It was now he was anxious to see his sister, hoping she might be in a condition to relieve him, as he had some reasons to suppose she was, from the conversation he had with Mr. Kenny, about three years before.

On the Easter after Mr. Jackson's death, Clarissa, according to his custom, sent her steward to relieve all the poor prisoners about town;—among the rest, he visited those in the common-side of the King's-Bench, where he heard them call Sir William Moore to partake of a lady's charity. The poor prodigal was then feeding on the relief of the basket: he enquired of some of the prisoners, of what country Sir William was, and how much his debts were? all of them gave him a satisfactory account.

Upon his return to his lady, he repeated

the dismal news of her brother's misfortunes to her, who immediately dispatched him back again to the prison, with orders to get him removed to the master's side, and promised, as she had commanded him, payment for that indulgence. The steward next enquired for a taylor, who came, and received orders to provide for him all necessaries. The steward went once a week to give him money, and Sir William, was continually very curious to know to whom he was obliged for so many great favors; but he was answered, that they came from a lady who desired to have her name concealed.

One day as Clarissa was travelling in her coach, on the road near Dartford, she saw a traveller on foot, who seemed to be tired with his journey, and whose face she thought she had formerly known. This thought invited her to look on him so long, that she at last persuaded herself it was her deliverer Kenny, his complexion was greatly altered, and his clothes much worn. However, she could not help gazing after this miserable spectacle; and the more she heheld him, the more she was confirmed it was Kenny. In short, she could not rest till she called her servant, who rode by the coach, whom she charged to go to that

poor traveller, and mount him on his horse, till they came to Dartford, where she ordered him to take him to the same inn with them, and to supply him with abundance of refreshment; and after that to bring him to London with them.

The next morning she sent for the steward, whom she ordered to take the stranger to a tailor, and fit him with a suit of clothes, and to furnish him with linen, and all things necessary for a gentleman; at the same time desiring the steward to discover his name and circumstances.

The steward, having executed his commission, returned to his lady, and told her, that the stranger had informed him that his name was Kenny, and that he had formerly been a Turkey merchant; but, about four years since, he was shipwrecked on the coast of Barbary, and lost upwards of 12,000l.; and, to render his misfortunes the more severe, he was made prisoner by the natives, and had remained in captivity until about six months since, when he had the good fortune to make his escape in an open boat.

This intelligence delighted Clarissa, since it gave her an opportunity of rewarding the man who had rescued her from the power of a

woman, who secretly sought her destruction, and who, in spite of his poverty, she still loved.

Mr Kenny's surprise was equal to Clarissa's satisfaction, for he was still ignorant of the name and family of the person to whom he was indebted for so many favors; and one day having some conversation with the steward on the subject, he observed, that he could not have expected such kind treatment from any person, except Counseller Jackson, or a young lady he had placed under his care.—"Counseller Jackson!" exclaimed the steward;—"why my lady is the counsellor's widow." "What was her name before she married the counsellor?" eagerly enquired Kenny;—"I don't know," replied the steward, "for the old steward died soon after his mistress, which is about two years since." "Where did they live before they came to this house?" enquired Mr. Kenny:—"In Lincoln's Inn Fields, Sir," replied the steward, "where they resided a great number of years; but soon after the death of his first wife, Mr. Jackson sold that house, and purchased this;—and here he resided until his death."

Having informed Kenny, that he had some business to transact, he took leave, and has-

tened to his mistress, who desired him to repeat the conversation which he had with Mr. Kenny, which he did, to her entire satisfaction; and gave him orders, that Kenny should be furnished with three of the richest suits that could be made, to be ready within a month. She likewise ordered her steward to take him that evening to the play, and to be sure to seat him in her box.

With the utmost impatience Clarissa waited for the evening, as she intended to go herself to the play, and converse with him, but took the precaution to mask herself, to prevent him from recognizing her person. By this means she obtained a knowledge of his adventures, from the time of his departure from England, and being fully satisfied, that, although he had now no fortune, he still retained his goodness of heart, she resolved that his want of fortune should be no obstacle to their happiness, as she had now so plentiful an income of her own.

After a severe struggle with herself, she determined not to discover unto him who she was, until the latter end of the ensuing month, when the whole of her brother's business would be settled, and she should have an opportunity of surprising her brother, Sir William, and Mr. Kenny.

During this important month, Clarissa was daily pestered by visitors, who attracted by the fame of her beauty and her fortune, came to pay their addresses to her; among them was a lord of a small estate,—a knight, who had a place of 500l. a-year at court,—and a country gentleman of a large estate, who had been a widower about three months. These three she invited to dine with her on that day month, informing them, that on that day she intended to make choice of the man who was to be her husband.

Having settled matters thus far, she dispatch-a letter to Miss Harriot, who was then at Bath, informing her of the design, and requesting her to spend the ensuing month with her in town, as she should require her advice and assistance in this intricate affair.

Miss Harriot lost no time in complying with Clarissa's request, and arrived in town in less than a week. The meeting was affectionate on both sides.—Clarissa informed Harriot of her plan; telling her, that she had paid off the whole of the mortgage from Sir William's estate, requesting her, if she could fancy his person, to marry him, being assured that such a virtuous wife as she would be, must certainly reclaim him. Harriot replied, that she would

be entirely directed by her in all things; and that she had no doubt but she should love the brother, since she esteemed the sister so exceedingly.

A short time previous to the day fixed for the discovery, she sent a letter to her brother, informing him, that she should expect him to appear at her house on that day, as Sir William Moore, and her brother; inclosing at the same time, a draught for 50l. for his present necessities.

The only person who remained uninvited, was Mr. Kenny; but as he was a person whose presence was indispensably necessary, she ordered the steward to inform Mr. Kenny on the following morning, that his lady had desired his company to dinner on that day. Mr. Kenny replied, that he was fully sensible of the honor which was conferred on him, and immediately retired to his apartment, (big with expectation) to dress himself in one of the rich suits lately made for him.

Clarissa was never more merry than she was on this day. She looked very obligingly on all her visitors, and drank to every one of them separate, beginning with Lord G——n, and concluding with Kenny, who durst hardly lift his eyes a second time, to confirm his suspicion.

Her brother was likewise so confounded, that he bowed, and continued his head down, until she had done drinking, not daring to encounter her eyes, which he feared would reproach him with his villainy to her.

When dinner was over, and the cloth removed, she began thus to address her lovers—"My lord, Sir Thomas, and Mr. Clinton, I doubt not but you are each of you anxious to know who I have made choice of for my next husband, which I am now resolved no longer to defer.

"The man present, to whom I shall next drink, is the man who shall ever command me and my fortune.—Here," continued she, to an attendant, "put wine into two glasses;" then, taking the ring from off her finger, she put it into one of them;—"My dear Kenny," said she, "I drink to thee, and send thee back thy ring with Clarissa's heart." Kenny started, blushed, and looked wildly, whilst all the company gazed on him. "Nay, pledge me," continued she, and return me the ring, for it shall make us one to morrow morning."

Clarissa's choice had so astonished her other lovers, that they knew not how to act.—Lord G——n proposed retiring; but Mr. Clinton opposed it, observing, it was the height of

folly to be disturbed at a woman's caprice.—They therefore resumed their good-humor, and spent the remainder of the evening with the utmost harmony.

After supper, just as the company were about to retire, Clarissa thus addressed her brother—"Sir William," said she, "I have not forgotten you—I have a dish, which will be more grateful to your fancy, than all you have tasted to-day." She then set a covered dish on the table, she desired her brother to uncover it.—He did so, and cried out—"O matchless goodness of a virtuous sister!—Here are the mortgages of my estate!—O! what——" "No more, I beg of you," said Clarissa. "This lady, with 20,000l. will make you happy in her love." So saying, she joined the hand of her brother with Miss Harriot's, and on the following morning they were married.

Thomas, Printer, Golden-lane.